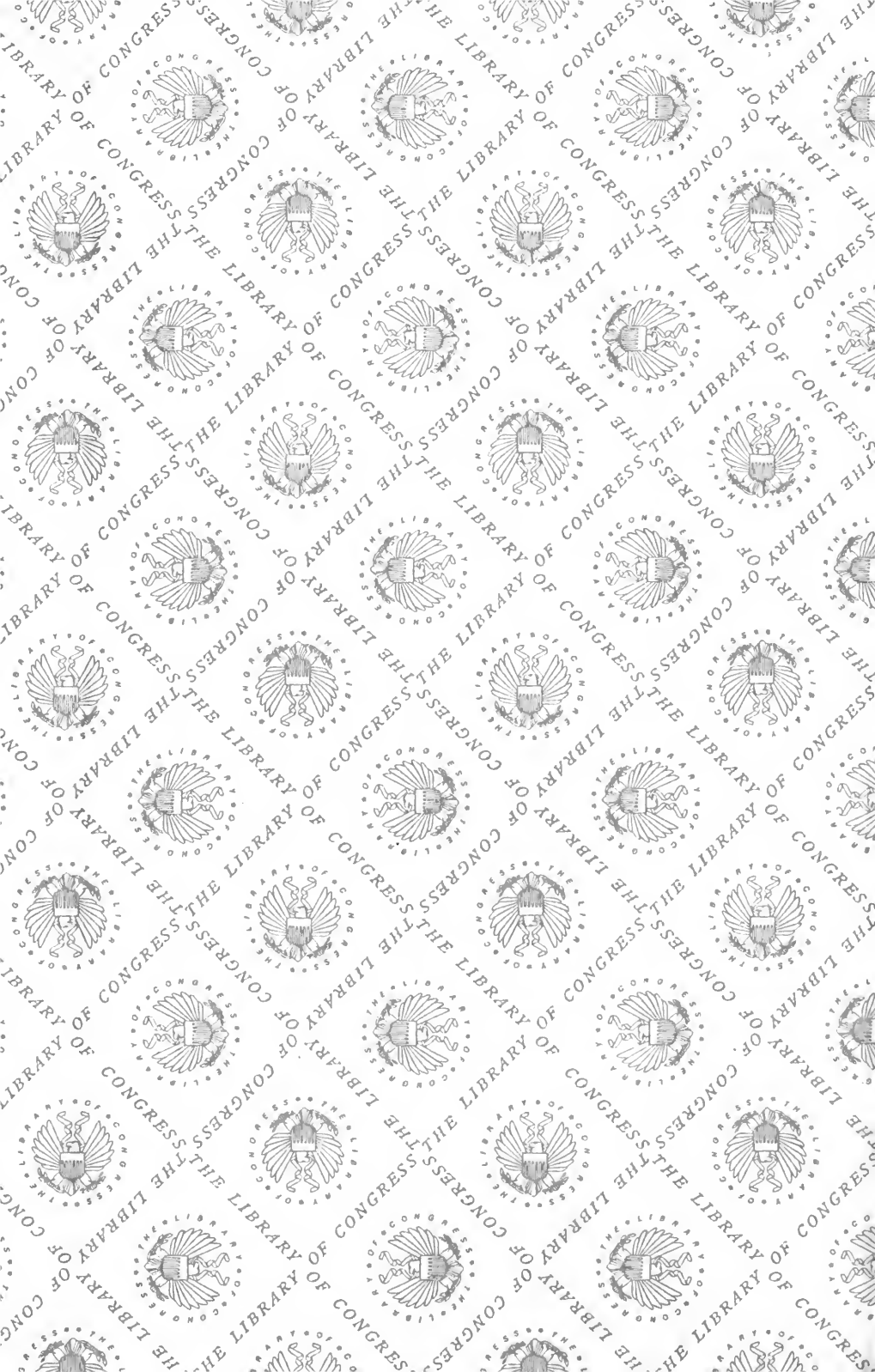
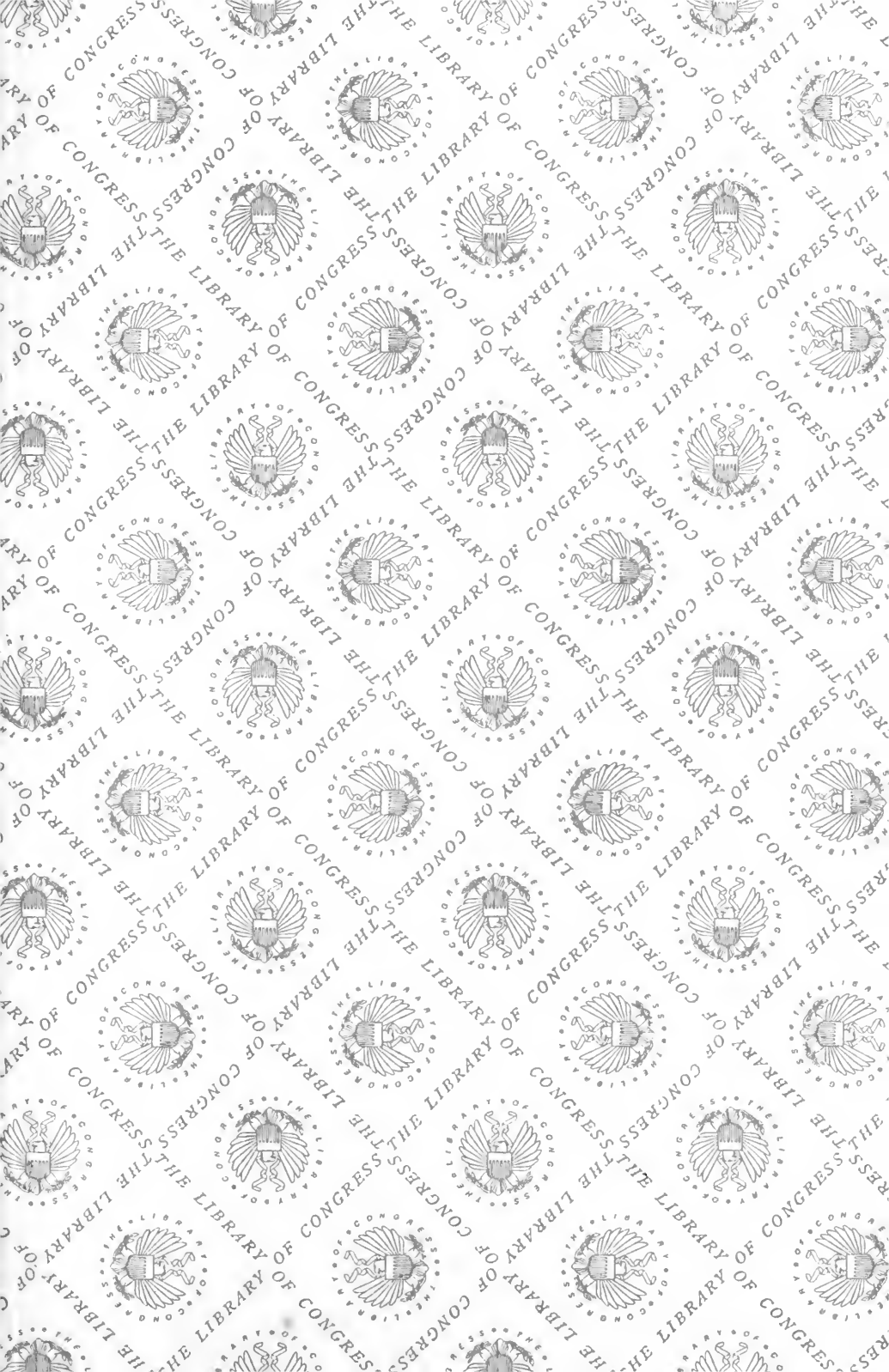


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RHYME AND REASON TRULY

A CONTINUATION OF
ORIGINAL, BRIEF AND COMPREHENSIVE
POEMS,

By the author of "The Workingmen," "Our Labor is Our Living,"
"Ode to Great Generals and their Men," "Our American
Girl is a Lady," "I Once Came o'er from Ire-
land," "After the Ball," "A Rover's
Return," "A City View on
Saturday Night," and

SEVERAL OTHER SONGS AND BALLADS

Designed to amuse and edify the people, that can be sang to very pleasing tunes—three numbers of which are now published and for sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers who choose to order them. A cheap, neatly printed edition of the three numbers, sent free to any address, on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps or money, to all parts of this Continent, Europe, and elsewhere where postage charges agree with those of the United States, or five cents for each separate number. Another edition, in neatly colored covers, ten cents each number, or twenty-five cents for three now printed in one cover, which the writer hopes will merit approval, for elegance of style, originality and honest advocacy of the rights of man and all who have to make their living by their own individual industry, (directly or indirectly) in particular.

Subscribers respectfully solicited, and agents wanted to sell and canvass. Liberal discount allowed. A sheet of select advertisements and other valuable information, sent free with each edition when filled.

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THOMAS F. O'BRIEN, Author, Etc.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A CITY VIEW ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

Good Words for all Buyers and Sellers.

One evening fair I walked along,
To view this city around,
Amidst a brisk and passing throng,
As many to be found;
By rays of clear electric light
From street lamp, shop and store—
It was truly pleasing on that night—
The scene the city wore.

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For bargains some were rushing on,
Of which there seemed no stint,
And ample business to be done
By those on selling bent.
Ladies fair, and gentlemen,
Intelligent girls and boys,
In business stores where I went in,
To show good wares and toys.

Silks and satins, many a shade,
From darkest tint to bright,
And other fabrics neatly made,
For wear by day or night.
Various kinds of clothing there
For old and young to view,
That either sex may wish to wear,
Of fashions gay and new.

Each milliner and artist's shop,
From street to second floor—
Wherever you see a sign go up,
And do not skip one door.
Every article of use,
All elegant designed,
Good quality and quite profuse,
Along these streets you'll find.

Fine jewelry and fancy things,
 Gems so rare and bright,
 Watches, bracelets and gold rings.
 Albums choice and neat.
 Pianos, organs, music stands,
 Instruments with strings,
 Brass and silver ones for bands,
 And tambourine that rings.

Boots, shoes and rubbers, too,
 Hosiery and hats,
 Furniture, superb and new,
 Rich carpets, rugs and mats.
 Music shops and bookstores,
 Boys who sell the news,
 With latest papers out of doors,
 To buy few could refuse.

Hotels, all spacious, clean and bright—
 These I chanced to see
 In my promenade that night—
 As all hotels should be.
 Saloons seem well conducted here,
 If I observed them all, [beer,
 And keep they say, good wine and lager
 Glass large and small.

You need not drink it, if you please,
 It is in your own hands;
 I never did in all my days—
 That's how the matter stands.
 Porcelain, delf and hardware,
 Groceries and teas,
 Segars, tobaccos, choice and rare,
 Candy, butter and cheese.

Each business place I passed seemed full
 Of good and solid wares;
 No doubt they hope to sell off well,
 Early this new year—

At prices that will please you well,
 Who feel inclined to buy;
 The figures I can't really tell,
 Your better way's to try.

And don't forget a street at all,
 There are good things everywhere,
 It will pay to give a passing call,
 You will meet the best of cheer.
 From butchers, bakers, grocer shops,
 Shoemakers and tailors,
 Barbers clean, with best of strops
 All kinds of trades and dealers.

Poultry, pork and beef so fat,
 Ham, bacon, lard and fish,
 Fruit, vegetables, and all that
 Can furnish every dish.
 Perhaps I'm roaming rather far,
 The night growing late to stay,
 I'll step into the next street car,
 And homeward make my way.

A YOUNG AMERICAN RETURNED.

I've traveled all creation o'er,
 By land and ocean main,
 Where mankind never went before,
 And just came back again
 To sound the people's praises—
 Their valiant sons of Mars—
 The flag that freemen raises—
 The glorious stripes and stars.

Our armies and our navies great,
 The victories all have won,
 In immortal verse to celebrate
 The deeds our fathers done—
 To make this land a paradise,
 As first designed to be,
 By sublime art and wise device,
 Of true industry.

Alay all false contentions,
 Men's minds so disinthralled;
 Seek for new inventions,
 To find good means for all.
 Food and clothing for the poor,
 Paying work for young and strong,
 There are yet great things for man in store
 We will all get smooth along.

Without reducing wages any,
 Though this world is amply wide,
 When folks have no work or money,
 They must want or be supplied.
 Almost every one wants something cheap
 That's where the danger lies,
 And how within right bounds to keep,
 Be cautious and advise.

We want the rich to furnish means,
 This mission to fulfill;
 It will repay them with great gains,
 When there is an honest will.
 Keep men and money moving—
 Great objects still in view.
 Forward, ever improving,
 Such a course you will never rue.

A SACRED SONG ON A BIBLE SUBJECT.

Tune your timbrels, Mariam's daughters,
 Roll them loud, exultingly,
 Let them echo o'er the waters,
 All Eve's children shall be free.

Pharaoh's hosts in vain pursue us,
 Rush impetuous through the waves,
 Yet no evil can they do us,
 Low, they found their watery graves.

While on land we're safe reposing,
 From the perils of our flight,
 Behold the waters o'er them closing,
 Vengeance from the God of right.

Praise to Him who thus protects us,
 From the ills we long endure ;
 Who, in His mercy, ne'er neglects us—
 God's relief in time is sure.

While the strong and vainly haughty,
 Execute their own downfall,
 When their rule is vile or faulty,
 Justice soon shall on them call.

The weak shall flee from their dominion
 To some land where justice reigns,
 Then the tyrants and their minions,
 Forge in vain their cruel chains.

Few will remain to pay them tribute,
 Or support their vicious sway,
 Then their folly they'll exhibit,
 Rolling headlong to decay.

Their infamy alone remaineth,
 Black and hideous sound their names,
 Such rewards all tyrants gaineth,
 Breath of everlasting shame.

Like Pharaoh, too, they'll be detested,
 For the wicked course they run,
 In darkest shades their memory vested,
 And their sway forever done.

HOW TO HAVE GOOD TIMES.

If you wish for good times,
 You must shove out the dimes ;
 If you don't then be sure they'll grow worse.
 You'll find in the end,
 Times never will mend
 If every one holds a close purse.

Cast a pebble in a still lake—
 See the wave it will make
 Expand towards the opposite shore.
 'Tis so with each dime
 That we cast forth, in time
 It will spread all around and before.

Each one on his way
 Will meet it some day—
 Full grown into dollars and more.
 Of all things to invest,
 You'll find knowledge the best,
 So study this o'er and o'er.

Wear a smile on your face—
 'Tis the true sign of peace,
 Contentment, prosperity true.
 Then why wear a frown,
 Or look so cast down ?
 Such is the best charms for you.

So shove out your dimes
 And we'll all have good times ;
 This is true as the planets on high.
 Like the sun make their round,
 And return with a bound,
 Enriching both you and I.

AFTER THE BALL.

New Year's time has come and gone,
 The fair sex looks so cheering,
 They will soon be married, every one,
 Such lovely looks they are wearing.
 I saw some at a ball last night,
 Like angels just descending.
 And true it is a blissful sight,
 When art and beauty's blended.

Dresses fine, so neat and long,
 Hearts so lightly heaving,
 Each to a partner gently clung,
 Love triumph all achieving.
 Promenading round the room,
 Or gliding through the dances,
 No brow there cast one shade of gloom,
 Almost bewitching glances.

Why, it was next to Heaven,
 Or some celestial place,
 All earth some might have given
 If that night would never cease.
 So now, young men you must be quick,
 Complete arrangements soon,
 You better not delay a week,
 But just this afternoon.

Lines in Memory of our Dear, Departed Dead,
May 1st, 1886.

Arise all fondly living ones,
And away on the wings of thought, or in reality
To those silent, lonely bowers of the dead,
Where rests the mouldering remains
Of our ever beloved friends
And fellow-beings of the past.

There beside the sculptured monument,
Vault, tomb or green grass grown grave,
With solemn silence or regretful sighs
In fancy behold, the beloved objects of our affections
As they formerly existed when living
In moments of joy or sadness.

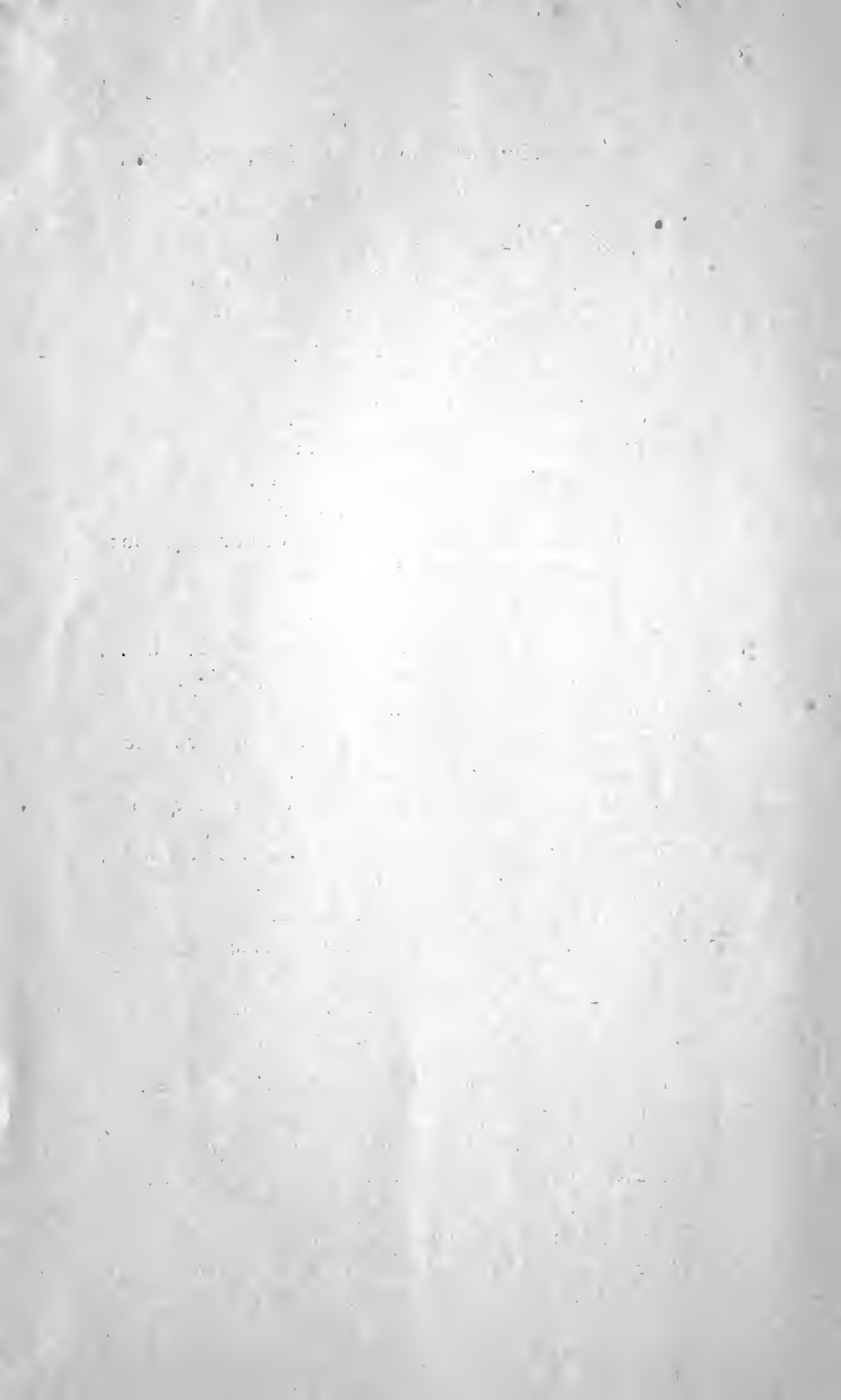
Deep through the moist or parched clay, sand or mold,
Which now enwraps or commingles with them.
Behold the sad results of mortality
On which, alas, it may be too painful to farther reflect.
Hence fain draw a veil of sad silence,
Let fall a crystal tear and sweet wreaths of affection.

With aspirations for on high to those realms of delight,
The ever enduring abode of the Blessed,
The glories of which no art can sketch,
Though imagination may conceive some gleams of
their existence.

Which the Good, the Hopeful, Benevolent
And truly repentant may hereafter realize.

Thus with Hearts and Minds relieved and consoled,
Return to our homes,
With cheerful emotions of anticipated happiness,
Endeavor to inculcate on our families, friends and neighbors,

These sentiments, which may enable all to obtain
Their aims, ends, hopes and joys, now and for Eternity.



A Word in Time for Ireland.

There seems a ray
Of hope to-day
For dear old Ireland.
Her friends in time,
Of every clime,
Should make one effort grand.

A cheering word
All can afford.
Her rights none should deery,
Let such prompt aid
Be not delayed,
A test at least is nigh.

Of the force of words
Instead of swords,
As often done before,
To try again,
Let none refrain,
To make one effort more.

Deep is the debt,
Due Erin yet,
For deeds her sons have done,
In many a cause
Against fearless foes,
They fought, they fell, they won.

Now who can say,
How soon they may,
Require their help again.
In times of need,
Let all take heed,
Their rights for to obtain.



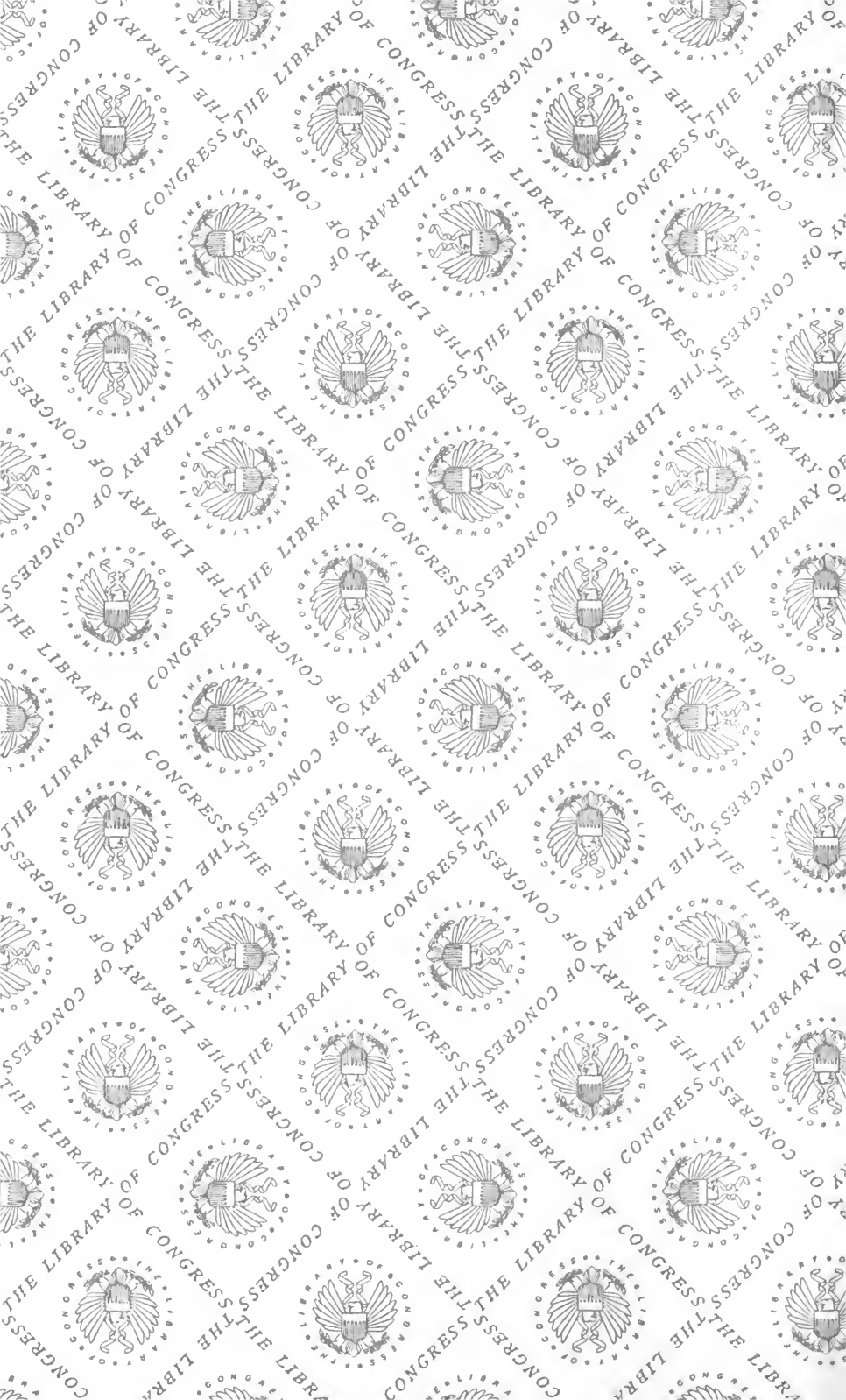














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